



## ODESSA NURSERIES.

THE Proprietors offer for Sale, for Fall planting of 1869 or Spring of 1870,

**70,000 Peach Trees**  
of the leading

**Market and Family Varieties.**

**200,000 SMALL FRUIT PLANTS**  
consisting of the following varieties:

STRAWBERRIES,  
RASPBERRIES,  
BLACKBERRIES,  
GOOSEBERRIES,  
CURRANTS, AND GRAPE VINES.  
ASPARAGUS ROOTS.

**300,000 OSAGE ORANGE QUICKS.**  
One and Two Years Old.

Also  
**EARLY ROSE, POTATOES,**  
And several other leading varieties, for seed.  
Apply to **POLK & HYATT,**  
Oct. 16, 1869. Or to **WM. B. CROFT,**  
Odesa, Del.

## NOTICE.

THE undersigned having purchased from the heirs of M. J. Haines the unexpired Patent for Grain Drill, known as "Haines & Haines," "Haines & Wood," or "Wood's Drill," has made several important improvements in it, viz.:—A Cast Iron Bottom.—Front Feet of Box Hinged, so as to be independent of the Frame.—Combined open Metallic Spouts.—distributing the Phosphate and Grain together, &c. &c. and secured the same by Letters Patent, dated November 30, 1869, have combined wit- my celebrated

**PHOSPHATE SOWER.**  
With its Movable Cast Iron Bottom, adjusted by set screws, &c. also secured to me by Letters Patent, dated Oct. 27, 1869, and confirmed July 10, 1869, by a decision of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

As there has been over 100 of these machines introduced and used in this neighborhood, with in the last two years, with entire satisfaction, I am enabled to offer to the public my improved

**DELAWARE PHOSPHATE DRILL.**  
As a first class machine, with a full guarantee of good workmanship and satisfactory performance. I would also notify all persons that I shall prosecute any infringement upon any of the improvements secured to me by either of the above Letters Patent.

W. N. HAMILTON, M. D.  
Dec. 11, 1869—47. Odesa, Del.

**FIFTH Year of Publication!!**  
**THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC FOR 1870.**

We have now on hand the Democratic Almanac for 1870. It contains, besides the usual matter of all almanacs, full and official returns of the elections held last year, compared with previous ones, the most important acts of the last session of Congress, lists of Federal and State officers, members of Congress, chronology of all important events of the year, statistical and other information indispensable to every politician, planter, farmer, merchant or mechanic. Orders will be filled according to the date of their reception. The cash must accompany all orders.

**TERMS.**—Single copies, by mail, prepaid, 20 cents; 7 copies, by mail, prepaid, \$1; 15 copies, by mail, prepaid, \$2; 100 copies, by express, \$12. Address  
**VAN EYRIE, HORTON & CO.,**  
Feb 19—47 Publishers, 162 Nassau st. N. Y.

**TO THE WORKING CLASSES.**—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c to \$5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls can earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader if you want permanent, profitable work, address **E. C. ALLEN & CO.,**  
Jan. 22—31 Augusta, Maine.

**J. ALFRED MAY,**  
Elkton, Md.

**I. REYNOLDS DUKES,**  
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**MAY & DUKES,**  
GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE

**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
**No. 24 SOUTH WATER ST.**  
Between Chestnut & Market Sts.

**PHILADELPHIA.**

Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited. Orders for Guano, Fertilizers and Groceries, promptly attended to. Nov. 6—47.

**JOHN VOLET,**  
**FRENCH BOOT & SHOE MAKER,**  
NO. 112 EXCHANGE PLACE,  
Between Chestnut and Walnut and 2nd and 3rd,  
**PHILADELPHIA.**

**BOTTIER AND CORDONNIER.**

Nothing but the best French Calfskin used here. All orders promptly attended to. Repairing neatly done. Feb 26—47

**FOR RENT.**—The Room in the Town Hall now occupied by the Citizens' Association, for the purpose of holding a meeting on the 25th of March. Apply to  
Feb. 19—47 **WM. H. BARR, Sec.**

**ZEPHYRUS** and **Germania** Wools for knitting Shawls, Nubias and Afghanis, also stocking and knitting Yarns.

Samples sent by mail, and goods sent by Express, to any part of the country. Sold at retail at the **WATERLY MILLS** 1024 Lombard St., Dec. 11—31 **Philadelphia, Pa.**

**1000 WHITE OAK FENCE POSTS** 7 Feet long, for sale by **SAMUEL & RICHARD TOWNSEND.** \$20 per Hundred.  
Townsend, Del. Jan. 22, 1870.

## NEW STOVE, TIN,

AND  
**HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.**

**THOMAS H. ROTHWELL'S**  
**NEW BUILDING,**  
North Side of Main Street, 4 Buildings West of Town Hall.

**Middletown, Delaware.**

Where he has constantly on hand, and is prepared to manufacture

**ALL KINDS OF TIN WARE,**  
At Short Notice.

Particular attention paid to

**ROOFING AND SPOUTING.**  
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to.

**COOK STOVES.**  
STAR, COTTAGE, NATIONAL,  
CHARM, PRIZE, & VICTOR COOK.

**PARLOR STOVES.**  
BOQUET BASE, GAS, BURNING

BASE, DIAL, VIOLET, REVERE, UNION AIR-TIGHT.

Stoves suitable for stores, offices, hotels, and school houses.

Orders will be received and promptly filled for any kind of Stove that may be ordered.

**GALVANIZED, RUSSIA, AND SHEET IRON,**  
ZINC,  
COAL HODS, SEIVES,  
POKERS, SHOVELS,  
TEA KETTLES, BAKE PANS, WAFFLE IRONS

SAD IRONS, BRASS & ENAMELLED  
PRESERVING KETTLES,  
ENAMELLED SAUCE PANS,  
TEA BELLS, JAPANESE CHAMBER BUCKETS,  
SPITTOONS, WAITERS, LANTERNS,  
FLOUR AND PEPPER BOXES,  
SAND CUPS, MATCH SAFES (Cast Iron),  
MOLASSES CUPS,  
PEACH CANS,  
(Soldered and Self-Sealing)

PATENT CLOTHES FRAMES, &c. &c. &c.

Prompt attention to business, moderate prices, competent workmen, and a determination to please, may at all times be expected by those who may favor him with their custom.

**THE VAPOR COOKING STOVE.**  
No Wood, no Coal, no Stove Pipe, no Ashes, no Dirt, no Wood Boxes, no Coal Scuttle, no Kindling Wood,  
But a Friction Match,  
And the fire in full blast in half a minute, even hot in two minutes, steam boiled in seven minutes, bread baked in thirty minutes, the fire extinguished in a moment.

Please call and examine it in operation at  
**Thomas H. Rothwell's Stove Store,**  
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Sole owner of the stove for the State.  
Feb. 19—y

**ANTICIPATING**  
**THE**  
**FALL TRADE.**

THE undersigned has made the most elaborate preparations and already offers to those who may wish to be early in making their Fall and Winter purchases, a

**FULL STOCK OF GOODS.**  
Suitable for Fall and Winter wear and usage. My stock of DRY GOODS will consist in part of

**BLACK and COLORED ALPACAS,**  
**Wool Delaines, Wool Poplins,**  
**Mohairs,**  
A good assortment of Prints, Cotton and Wool Flannels, 1, 1 1/2, 2 1/2 Brown and Bleached Muslins Heavy Domestic, Bal. Skirts, Shawls, &c. &c.

**NOTIONS.**  
Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies Corsets, Ladies Vests, Ribbons, Edgings, Gents Undershirts, Ladies Collars and Cuffs, Combs, Hair Brushes, Velvets, and in fact everything you could well expect to find in a first class Notion House may here be had.

I ask the particular attention of the gentlemen to my assortment of FRENCH and AMERICAN CLOTHS, and Fancy Cassimers. New Styles of which I am constantly receiving and disposing of at reasonable prices.

Also to the Community in general to my Stock of Mens HEAVY Boots, and of Mens, Womens and Misses HEAVY SHOES, which I have made to Order of the Best material, and on any of which I am willing to guarantee satisfaction. I have also a good assortment of Mens sewed and pegged, single and double upper and sole Calf boots, and Ladies Dress Shoes in various Styles.

**Hats and Caps.**  
Carpets, Druggists, Oil Cloths, Oil Cloth Window Shades, Door Mats, Hardware, Cedarware, Queensware, Earthenware, Stoneware, Groceries, &c. &c. &c.

Glass, Oil, Paints, Mackerel, Shad, and Herring always on hand.

Will show goods with pleasure, and make a liberal discount for Cash.  
**G. W. W. NAUDAIN,**  
Oct. 16—47 No. 3, Middletown Hall.

**CORONER!!**  
To the Democratic Voters of New Castle Co.

**FELLOW CITIZENS:**—At the earnest solicitation of my friends I again offer myself as a candidate for the nomination of Coroner of New Castle Co. and am thankful to my friends for the support they gave me at the last nomination election, and pledge myself to abide the decision of the party.

**RICHARD GROVES,**  
Delaware City, Feb. 5—47

## Select Poetry.

**THE GOLDEN SIDE.**

There is many a rest in the road of life,  
If we only would stop and take it;  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would make it!  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are lifted!  
There was never a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning;  
And the darkest hour as the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawn.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to heaven;  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks,  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are swift and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit and grieve and wonder.

## Select Story.

*From the Democratic Advocate.*

**MY AUNT ETHEL'S SECRET.**

BY STRATHMORE.

"Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

I looked up as I repeated the quotation, for I felt sure I heard a sigh from the quiet corner where my Aunt Ethel sat in her usual place. Tennyson is my favorite poet, and this betrayal of her sympathy with my taste made me pause in the passage of the exquisite "In Memoriam" I had just been reading, and she met my gaze, a half smile curling the lips that never would purse up like those of other maiden aunts of my acquaintance.

Dear Aunt Ethel! far back in my childhood I remembered her as the same quiet little figure in the same place in my father's cozy back parlor. A face pure in its expression as that of the "Madonna" that hung on the wall opposite, soft, shining braids of auburn hair, folded away from her fair, smooth brow, not a wrinkle marred its intellectual beauty, but the earnest, almost mournful, expression of the brown eyes seemed ever to my childish fancy tell tales of sadness. How often I wondered what were the deep shadows that lay in their depths!

This evening Aunt Ethel and I were alone; my sisters Louise and Evelyn, had gone out with brother Fred, and the young ones had all been sent to bed. Aunt Ethel's embroidery lay for once on the table by her side, and her hands were folded idly in her lap. Of what was she thinking, with that far-away look on her face? Could the sentiment I had just read have anything to do with her thoughts? After a silence of a few moments I arose and kneeling beside her looked up into her eyes. She took my hands in her own, and said in low sad tones:

"Lola, my darling, do not read such sentiments! They are false, though as Tennyson expresses them, very beautiful."

"Why Aunt Ethel!" I cried, almost indignantly, "surely you are only teasing me. It is better to have felt the emotion of love once than to go through life unloved and unloving, even if we can only have the memories of a lost love." When she answered me her voice was full of pain.

"No, no, Lola, there is nothing in life so utterly miserable as a heart bereft of what was all its joy and brightness."

I looked at my Aunt in amazement, in all my life I had never seen her so moved, and her old suspicions were aroused.

"Lost!" she murmured as if forgetting my presence, "Ceil! how wretched is my fate! Living, yet dead to me forever!"

I sat quietly essaying to comfort her in my childish fashion, by softly kissing the taper fingers once on which the tears were fast falling. That evening was a new episode in my life. I felt intuitively that nothing more must be said upon a subject that brought up memories Aunt Ethel seemed struggling daily and hourly to forget.

My home at Longwood was a pleasant one. Every comfort and luxury that loving hearts could desire were scattered profusely around me, and yet I loved Aunt Ethel and her quiet ways far more than my elder sister's gay company and pleasures. No change of any sort occurred until my eighteenth year, when Aunt Ethel's health appeared to be declining. I was with her almost constantly after leaving school, and it was at last decided that I should accompany her on a visit South.

Before going to Florida where we intended spending the winter, we concluded to stop for a few weeks in the "Crescent City." How I reveled in those bright balmy days, and the Parisian manners of those whom we met, so different from the cold formality of my Northern home, surprised and delighted me.

On a sunny afternoon we were riding on the Boulevard, as the French call Canal Street, when my aunt complained of fatigue and requested the driver to stop at the *Maison Doree*, an elegant establishment, one of the best in the city, noted for its almost princely restaurants. The

apartment that my aunt and myself entered was small and luxuriously furnished; the walls were hung with curtains of amber colored satin, and the Turkish carpet betrayed no foothill. A curtain partly looped back with gold cord divided the apartment, and as we thus sat a door opened upon the hall outside and some one entered. My Aunt Ethel's sofa was too far back for her to notice the stranger, but from my seat, near the window, I could see him very plainly. He was a man of perhaps fifty years, and of somewhat haughty bearing. Sitting down at a small table, he appeared for a few moments lost in thought. A noble form a little above the middle height, handsome English features, and a mouth sweet in expression as a woman's.

Unconsciously, I, as usual, began in my foolish way to weave a romance upon the spot. My gentle Aunt Ethel, and my unknown hero, as he sat unheeding my scrutiny, ruthlessly gazing at the corners of his moustache (that inevitable sign of a man in perplexity or trouble,) might they not in some way be connected in each other's thoughts? While I was delugingly indulging in my "Castles de L'Espagne" a waiter entered and the gentleman addressed some remarks to him.

I happened to glance towards my Aunt and was startled by the grey pallor that had settled on her face.

"Oh! Lola!" she moaned, "let us go away. Surely it was his voice."

In that moment my castle loomed up an edifice of fair proportions. Here was my Aunt Ethel's mystery revealed. I glanced again towards the apartment but the stranger had left it. With a prayer in my heart that in some way connected with him, the roses would again bloom on her pale cheek, I followed her out into the carriage.

The St. Charles was filled with guests and there was no lack of gaiety, but my sole pleasure and care was for Aunt Ethel.

One evening I left her for an hour's promenade upon a gallery opposite the Academy of Music, where Dr. Albert's most exquisite *arias* were attracting many persons. A strange feeling of unrest seemed to haunt me, and as the notes of *Lucia di Lammermoor* floated on the moonlight night, the feeling deepened into gloom. Why was the world so full of brightness and joy, if human hearts should so droop in sorrow?

Would mine be the lot of those who "make idols but to find them clay?"—Ah! how like a mockery seemed the gayly dressed groups around me, when I thought of her whom I had left so white and still a few moments before. In the midst of my reveries a voice startled me, and looking up I met the gaze of the person whom I had seen at the *Maison Doree*. He appeared deeply agitated, and as he placed a small package in my hand, asked, in a voice of deep emotion, "if I was the owner of it."

It was a small velvet case enclosing the miniature of Aunt Ethel that I had lost the day before.

"Tell me," he said, after begging pardon for his apparent rudeness, "does this picture belong to you, and why do you have it, for I saw you drop it almost in this very spot."

I confess I was rather frightened at the manner of the stranger, but I replied as quietly as possible:

"Yes, it is mine, and I am very grateful to you for finding it. It is my Aunt's picture."

"Ethel Clare," he repeated, "it is the picture of my wife; and young lady, as you value the happiness of a human being do not trifle with one who would give all on earth to meet the original of that picture."

I was too much surprised to speak, but as soon as I could do so I interrupted him:

"No, my dear sir, you are mistaken, my Aunt was never married. Still my words did not seem to have any effect on him, and he earnestly begged me to take a few turns upon the gallery while he would tell me his story.

Apart from the throng under the starlight, I then heard for the first time the secret of my Aunt Ethel's sadness and trouble.

"Ten years ago," he began, "I, Cecil Grey, left England for a new home, and soon in America I found all that wealth, talent and industry could give me. The scene of an old though impoverished family, I soon obtained admittance into the first families of the city of B. At a ball given in honor of some foreign Ambassador, I first formed the acquaintance of Ethel Clare. You who have known her, know also, that with great personal attractions she also possessed every mental quality that could render her truly lovable. I lost no opportunity of meeting her, and when I learned from her own lips that my affection was returned, I was indeed a happy man. Ah! those moments of pure unalloyed happiness were too perfect! How often while the sea gulls shrieked above the waves have I wished that I might have found a grave beneath them, if my hopes of earthly joy were to be blighted forever! In a few short months Ethel Clare became my wife. Home, that to an Englishman is the synonym of felicity, seemed to me a Paradise. Everything that I could do for her, whom I loved so truly, was done, not from a sense of duty, but for the sweet pleasure of seeing her happy."

"Among all the good qualities of my wife's mind there lurked one single poisonous weed that was to become the *bete noir* of our existence. She was jealous, though the evil trait was seldom known."

About three months after our marriage I was called from home on business, and leaving Ethel in the care of a friend, hurried away. How well I remember that last farewell! For it was the last time I ever saw her. While in C—I met very unexpectedly an old friend from England, whom I had not seen for years, and his lovely sister, a young girl of eighteen years. My friend Leslie not feeling very well asked me to accompany his sister to the Opera, and not thinking of the terrible consequences that would follow from a mere act of politeness, I escorted the beautiful Ada Leslie there. The house was filled to overflowing, for a new baritone was announced on the bills, and I felt regret that my wife could not enjoy it with me, for she had a finely cultivated ear.

The evening after that I again returned home, all anxiety to fold to my heart my sweet Ethel, but imagine my feelings, when instead of the fond welcome I had anticipated, a letter was put in my hands by a friend addressed to me in her familiar handwriting. On opening it, these lines met my eyes:

"Cecil Grey, your treachery has been discovered, and from this hour you are free. Do not seek to see me again for we are parted forever."

"Good Heavens! could it be my gentle wife who had written these cold, cruel words? I wrote explaining everything, but my letter was returned unopened. Nothing could win back her confidence, and from that hour we, who had been nearest and dearest, have lived estranged. She lived in the family of her brother, and as you never knew that she was ever married, her resentment must have been as great as her love once was for me."

"Once was!" I cried, "Aunt Ethel loves you still, her heart is breaking!"

"Tell me where I may find her!" cried Mr. Grey, "surely she will listen to me now."

I need not say how joyfully happy I was to see her at the *Maison Doree*. I replied, and so it was decided.

I could scarcely wait for the morn to dawn, but hurried Aunt Ethel away on our accustomed drive. Oh! how great a charm there lies in those few words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," for never did I know such joy as at that moment, when through my simple means, one lonely heart could find peace and happiness.

I left Aunt Ethel in the little parlor to go on some fancied errand to the waiter's domains. Of course I did not hurry back, and when I did return I could scarcely believe my senses. Surely this woman with the shy, rosy blushes coming and going on her sweet face, could not be my pale, sad Aunt Ethel.

As I came near Col. Grey held out his hand, and said in a tone of deep feeling, "God bless you Lola, we owe all our happiness to you."

Thus were they at last united, never again to part in anger or sorrow, no more days of weary longing for love and happiness.

In a fair Southern home we live to-day, for my home is with Cecil Grey and his beautiful wife. Beneath the blue skies of the South-land I revel still, the Magnolia blossoms fall in snowy clouds upon the velvet turf, and the mocking birds fill the air with melody, and I am happier than I ever dreamed I could be before I knew my Aunt Ethel's Secret.

A Person employing a cab in Paris will be sure of obtaining again the smallest trifle that he may chance to leave in the vehicle, if he makes application for it at the proper place. If his loss is a watch, an overcoat, an umbrella, a pocket, a ring, a bank-note, or even a small coin, it is only necessary for him to be able to prove his property at the Prefecture de Police, in order to speedily regain it. This may seem to speak marvellously well for the honesty of the Paris cab-drivers, but the real fact is, that the probability of these men is rendered certain by a very simple device. Police agents frequently ride in cabs, and purposely leave behind them small coins or other articles of slight value. If the subjects are not brought to the Prefecture de Police within two days the cab-driver loses his license, and is also liable to prosecution. Of course this rigid measure renders every cab-driver honest by sheer necessity, as he never knows when his fare is a police-agent in disguise. The way they manage things in Paris is our imperfect and rude methods. How easy to have in our city a cab-system that should at once be well-ordered, trustworthy, and economical, instead of which, by the co-operation of car-interest and lively-stable interests, we are left without these useful vehicles altogether.

An intelligent gentleman from Germany on his first visit to an American church, had a contribution box with a hole in the top presented to him, and whispered to the collector, "I don't get mean babbers, but can't vote."

A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up hill work." "Good," said his friend, "I would rather go up hill than down any time."

"Look here, boy," said a nervous old gentleman to a youngster who was eating sugar candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "Not much I ain't; I'm a-nawing this candy," replied the boy.

## THE FRUIT TRADE:

*Customs, Abuses and Remedies.*

A writer over the signature of "Now and Then," defends the Fruit Dealers against certain complaints of the Fruit growers, and publishes his article in the Rural New Yorker, from which journal we copy and publish it, at the request of a Fruit Dealer in New York. Much has been said against them, let them now be heard in their own defence:

Some peach growers have taken exception to the point in my article on the Delaware peach trade, that a dealer is responsible only for the baskets which he loses, or, in other words, that his responsibility does not cease on the delivery of them to the railway company. They say, and insist upon it, that we ought to pay for all that is lost up to the delivery of them at their depots. I will soon show that this system would be ruinous to the dealer.

Baskets are an expensive feature in marketing the peach crop, and for that reason farmers dread the purchasing of them. Once purchased, they think there ought not to be any wear out or loss to them, unless the dealer pays for it. Many of these baskets are kept for years, and in time become quite worn out. Yet if they will hold together so as to begin the season, shippers do not care how soon they are lost; it is so much gain to them, as they are sure to demand the price of a new one for every one lost. Not only this, but they will let their old baskets lie at the depot, or along the road at any other depot, as it is their interest to do so, particularly at the latter end of the season; for, as we all know, it is a rare occurrence for them to have a regular series of this crop, and they greatly prefer the cash to the carrying of them over for one, two, or three years.

They are also unwilling to admit the depreciation of value of the baskets by use, but always demand twenty-five cents at least for them, because the dealers require that amount from the buyers as a deposit, to guarantee them against loss. That fact has no bearing on the case, for the dealer must, and does lose many, in spite of all precaution, and it is no more than just that he should guard against losses; and if the growers receive the value of their baskets, it is none of their business how much or little the dealer requires from his customers. Who ever heard of a grower refusing twenty-five cents for baskets that were not worth fifteen cents, because they were not worth it? I never have, and doubt if such a case ever existed; but I do know where a farmer has received pay for baskets that he knew were safe in his barn at the time he took the money, simply because they had slipped through the hands of his dealer without being charged to him.

If a dealer must be held responsible for the return of the baskets to the depot, why not hold him responsible for the safe arrival of the fruit? The point is the same, and would relieve the railroad from all responsibility. It is generally known, and all dealers know, that during the past season, more than a thousand baskets of fruit have been stolen from the cars on their route to the city; why not make the dealer responsible for them? No one presumes to do so; nor do they undertake to make the railroads pay for them, for it is known they won't do it. And in cases where railroads have failed to return a whole car load of empty baskets, shippers have not demanded pay for them, for the same reason; so they think they can bring a pressure powerful enough to make the dealers pay for them, and they try it, regardless of any justice in the case. It is no reason that they should be a dealer or charter the cars, for they are chartered for the benefit of the farmers only, and if dealers do not do it the growers would be obliged to. Is it not unjust in the extreme to demand of the dealer the safe return of the baskets on that ground? or is there no cause of gratitude whatever on the part of these persons?

Growers sometimes complain of the wrong baskets being sent them. I admit that to be the case, and it cannot be avoided in the rush of the trade; but it would be a very simple thing for the grower to sort them out and return them immediately to the dealer, so that he can give credit for them, and return them to the proper owner, but the reverse is the practice very often. They are thrown out, and nothing said about them until shippers find they are charged to them; then they enter their complaint and demand pay for them.

"Well," says a farmer, "how are we to know that you delivered the baskets to the cars?" Very easily. If you doubt the honesty of your dealer, unite and send an agent to the city on purpose to sign a receipt for them, and keep a regular account of them every day; at the same time the agent can be very useful in noting the condition of the fruit on arrivals, the state of the market, and many other items which are of interest to the farmers, but of which the dealer has no time to note.

It is







## Poetic Trifles.

### PLANTING HIMSELF TO GROW.

Dear little bright-eyed Willie,  
Always so grave and serious,  
Always so much mischievous,  
The pride of our home is he.

One bright summer day we found him  
Close by the garden wall,  
Standing so grave and dignified  
Beside a sunflower tall.

His tiny feet he had covered  
With moist and cooling sand;  
The stalk of the great, tall sunflower,  
He grasped with his chubby hand.

When he saw us standing near him,  
Gazing so wonderfully  
At his babyship, he greeted us  
With a merry shout of glee.

We asked our darling what pleased him;  
He replied, with face aglow,  
"Mamma, I'm going to be a man;  
I've planted myself to grow!"

## Our Olio.

### Whom do Great Men Marry

Women, of course. But they show the same diversity of taste that is seen in the lower ranks, and on the whole make worse mistakes. They, however, generally show the same sense in choosing wives that they show in managing other people's affairs, whether good or bad.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and beside this, was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "no" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily until her death, which occurred two years afterwards.

Peter the Great of Russia married a peasant girl. She made him an excellent wife and a sagacious Empress.

Huobold married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy. Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same of the bard himself. Like most great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affection on the other sex.

Byron married Miss Milbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plow-field. He, too, was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, but lived with her but a short time. He was an austere, exacting, literary recluse; while she was a rosy, romping country lass, that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, and so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Washington married a widow with two children. It is enough to say of her, that she was worthy of him, and that they lived as married folks should, in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. He had objected on account of John's being a lawyer; he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

Thomas Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a childless widow, but she brought him a large fortune in real estate. After the ceremony she mounted the horse behind him and they rode home together.

A NOVEL DIVORCE.—In the town of S—, in this State, lived some two years ago a couple who had got tired of the joys and troubles of wedded life, and mutually resolved to end them. But being rather short of this world's goods they hardly felt like paying out the money necessary to obtain a divorce. So they went to the old gentleman who had joined them in the bonds of matrimony some years ago and desired him to untie the knot. The worthy old Squire scratched his head, and thought a moment, and told them there was no way but to go to court. "But hold," says he, "I have it. You promised to live together and be true to each other until death should you part. Come into the yard." Then seizing a cat that sat in the door way, he directed John to take her by the tail and Jane by the head, and to pull apart. Then lifting a sharp ax, he said, "Now, death doth you part." The ax fell, and the couple were divorced.—*Bangor Whig.*

PARIS JOURNALISM.—There are thirty-one daily newspapers in Paris, averaging a daily circulation of 360,000 copies. In December, '98, the "Marseillaise," Rochefort's paper, had a daily circulation of 70,000, the "National" of 65,000, and the "Pays" 2,000 copies, the least of all. The highest priced journals sold for five cents; the lowest for one cent. The stamp duty on the thirty-one daily papers amounts to \$3,600 a day, or \$1,314,000 a year. In addition to the thirty-one newspapers mentioned, there are issued two police gazettes and three penny papers, having an aggregate circulation of 500,000. The "Petit Officiel," under its contract with the government, furnishes 58,000 copies gratis to the country people. The weekly newspapers are twenty-six in number, four of which are illustrated journals, and nineteen comic.

OLD TIMES.—The marriage portion of a young bride in the olden times was a feather bed, six chairs, a plain cherry table and bureau, six cups and saucers, half a dozen teaspoons, and a lot of sand for sanding floors. Now, they expect a set of silver plate, carved rosewood piano, marble-top tables for parlors, painted furniture for chambers, Brussels carpets and other such modern fixings for show.

A Bachelor sea captain who was remarking the other day that he wanted a good chief officer, was promptly informed by a lady that he had no objection to be his first mate. He took the hint and the lady.

## Delaware Rail Road Line

### Winter Arrangement.

On and after Monday, January 3rd, 1870, Passenger Trains will run as follows: until further notice. All trains Sundays excepted.

NORTH		SOUTH	
LEAVE	A. M.	ARRIVE	A. M.
Delmar	10:45	Philadelphia	8:30
Baltimore	11:00	Baltimore	10:10
Seaford	11:20	Wilmington	10:30
Bridgeville	11:35	Wilmington	10:45
Greenwood	12:00	Georgetown	11:00
Farmington	A. M.	St. Michaels	11:15
Harrington	7:00	Middletown	11:30
Felton	7:15	Blackbird	11:45
Plymouth	7:30	Seaford	12:00
Camden	7:45	Seaford	12:15
Wilmington	7:55	Seaford	12:30
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